

SEX PAYOFF!

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF
SWEDEN
CRATICA
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS



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Featuring
Christy Canyon!

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**SWEDEN
GRATICA**
MAGAZINE AND BOOKS



The rent is due! . . . The assistant building manager threatens eviction. . . the beautiful brunette is broke! What happens next? If there were an old melodrama, the cunning villain would demand a piece of ass in lieu of payment. FORGET IT! Times have changed. The slinky siren in the sexy purple corset is the one who makes the first move, and the naive young manager's assistant is her intended "victim".

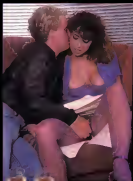
The inexperienced youth tells the story in his own words, an intimate tale of seduction by a lusty broad. How easy it is to share his most exciting thoughts and feelings, as the heat rises in his face and his hard on jumps in his tight blue jeans! Who can blame the guy for falling prey to so alluring a creature. . . especially when the lone button on her blouse pops, her tight sheath skirt comes down and she wiggles her body in a clinging silk corset.

Her body is incredible, immense round breasts and beautifully shaped backside giving her an hourglass figure. No wonder the guy goes bananas, feeding his hard dick to her lovely mouth, fucking her, finally screwing the buxom chick between the sleek skinned mounds of her marvelous mammaries.



"SHE'S SO FINE!"

"TAKE MY ASS...
IN LIEU OF RENT."



I couldn't get my eyes off her tits. . . except when she turned her back to me, and then I couldn't draw my stare away from her ass! I was in her apartment to collect the rent, then threaten her with eviction.

The money was over a month late, and I was showing her a clause in her lease agreement to prove that she could be tossed out on her ass at any time. Smiling her coy smile, eyes warmly glowing, she kept calm and seated me on her posh velvet couch.

"Sure you can throw me out on my can," she said her voice as seductive as the purring of a kitten. "But wouldn't you like to play with it instead?"

As she said that, my mouth fell open and her grin widened. Winking, she whirled about, taking a stance that threw out her hip and made the cloth of her silky white skirt tighten across the protruding humps of her fantastic little ass. My stare was riveted to the shapely behind, smoothly caressed by expensive fabric. My blood suddenly rushed, and my dick came alive in my jeans.

WHAT A HUNK O' TAIL!

"UH, thanks Miss," I managed to say, "but that's not in my job description." The woman laughed. "Go



His rod poked from his jeans and into my hot, moist mouth.

ahead Eric. . . That's your first name, isn't it? Feel my ass, if you like it, there's more where that came from."

My head shot out, grasping the hunk of ass cheek that bumped not her skirt on one side as my eyes



"Ever been deep-throated, boy?"

stayed glue to the other half of her butt. I could feel the warmth of her body in my head, as I cupped the buttock, tenderly squeezed it, then let go to slide my hand across the rest of her tail. The material of her skirt was smooth and soft, the flesh below firm but squeeze-able. My body was on fire by then, my cock a red hot iron poker down the length of one thigh.

"MMM, I like it when you do that," the broad sighed. "I like it when you guys toy with my ass like that. Make yourself comfortable Eric. I'll be right back with some wine."

She turned and strode off in the direction of the kitchen, and I stretched myself out on her couch, carefully arranging my pants to cover the bulge of my herd-on as best as I could. What alternative did I have? If I'd have stood up right then and put a stop to the monkey-business, she would seen my prong jutting out the front of my jeans for Chrissake.

When the brunette returned, she had two fancy stem-glasses filled with wine. I chugge-lugged, the soothing fluid warming my stomach. I let the wine relax me, as I focused my attention on the dame. She sat slipping her own wine, a mischevious smile curling her pretty lips. I couldn't





"MAN, WHAT TITS!"

keep my eyes of the front of her blouse, bulging outward by huge, gently swaying knockers. I could tell by the way her tits moved and by the tell-tale little nipples shaping the thin cloth of her purple blouse that she wasn't wearing a bra. SHE DIDN'T NEED ONE! Her bosom, though large and full, rode high on her chest, the jugs round and well shaped. A single button kept her blouse from bursting open, and the more her chest heaved with each breath the woman took, the more likely it seemed that the tiny button would pop. "Do you like my breasts?" she asked in a surprisingly matter of fact tone. "Yeah-yeah I replied", the words coming out a little husky. "Go ahead and open my



**"A-H-H-H! THE
TASTE OF CUNT!"**





blouse," the brunette came back. "I enjoy it when a fellow plays with my buns."

I rose on the sofa, setting my empty glass aside. My hands were trembling as they dived for the bulging front of her blouse, clumsily as they fiddled with the lone button. I just managed to get the front of the blouse open, when the fabric parted like stage curtains about to reveal the greatest performer in the world and her twin giants rolled out.

"SHIT! What a pair!" I knew my eyes were popping, and my lower jaw was hanging loose.

Her breasts were a miracle. Perfectly round smoothly white - like the skin of a baby's ass - tipped with strawberry nipples, they bounced and jiggled, swung and swayed, tantalizing me and making my hand-on bitch in the tight confinement between my leg and my jeans.

"Touch them," the woman murmured. "Make them feel good, Eric."

I let my hand fall on one big bun, cupping it, hefting the whole globe of curvilinear flesh. It was heavy in my hand, solid, wonderful. I set one fingertip on the little nubbin of a teat, and as I soothed the nipple I saw it grow larger before my eyes. My whole body was screaming with raw lust, as those magnificent knockers filled my field of view. I moved closer, heard the woman emit a pleased little chuckle, and I gazed into her face the fire on her ruby lips scorched my soul and I pressed my mouth to hers.



**Purched over her,
he lowered his
crotch to her tummy,
gathered lips.**

We kissed, as my hand fell from her breast and alighted on the flaring curve of her hip. I caressed all over it and around to the buttock, grip-

ping that pear-shaped marvel and squeezing it through the fabric of her skirt. She began to spread her legs, hatching her skirt upwards. I helped it along, glancing down to see the dark welts of her stockings, then creamy white thigh-flash crossed by the dark lacy band of a garter.

My cock fairly screamed for release now, as her skirt came all the way up to reveal the dark vee of her public hair. She had no panties on, though I caught a glimpse of purple satin, the lower edge of a waist-clinging corset. My bone was stretched to its utmost down my leg. My fingers were already pressing between the woman's thighs, as she pulled her skirt up higher and parted





her legs further, my hand
jerked upwards and caught
her pussy mound fully in
the palm.
"G-H-H-H, that's the way,"
she moaned. "Shag my cant
good Eric."
I rubbed her mound

fiercely kissing her harder
covering her mouth with my
lips. She responded, her hot
mouth grappling at mine,
her tongue sliding over-
ciously into my mouth to
tickle my tongue. I managed

to get my middle finger up
into the snug little slit of her
pussy, finding it wet and hot
and tight in there. I wiggled
it, making her better as she
kissed me, then began a

smooth stroking motion, driving my finger in and out like a fucking cock.

She was the one to break off the kiss, rising from the couch to pull her blouse all the way open, then drop it from her girlish shoulders. Naked down to her alien corset, she unripped her skirt and bugged it over her curving hips. She had to wriggle out of the tight garment, as if it were a girdle, her massive breasts dancing on her chest as she did so. The white skirt dropped to the floor and she stepped out of it, tossing it to a chair.

All she wore now was the corselet and hose, her breasts, ass and pussy now all wide open to my view as she stepped about in a small circle to show off her assets.

"Unzip your fly and take your weiner out," she suggested, eyes gleaming with expectancy. "I can SEE you've got a big boner on. Let me see it."

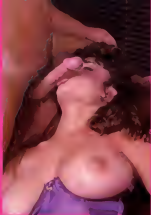
I obeyed gladly, hurriedly zipping down my fly and pulling out my rod with great effort. I had to double the thing over to get it out, that's how hard it was. The woman's eyes flashed and my holes echoed the shockwave of pleasure that must have been pouring over her. She came to me, then bent at the waist to get her mouth to the tip of my dick. At first she just licked all around the back edge of the cock head, but then she plopped it right into her mouth. Sitting beside me on the sofa, she bent lower and worked the whole shaft in too. Then she was riding her

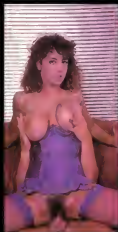


tightly ovaling lips up and down the stalk, giving me the most intensely enjoyable feelings of my life. Her eyes were like burning coals when she finally slid her pursed lips of the wet shaft of my dick. "Ever got deep throated?" she asked brightly.

"Never even been shallow throated before this," I had to admit, lowering my pants and shucking them off.

"You're going to get it now," the brunette promised, as she slid her ass off the seat of the couch and onto the floor leaning against the front of the







She settled onto his
rod, spearing her
tight little pussy!

Tits! Cunt! Ass!
The kid went wild!



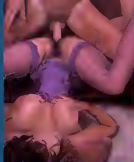
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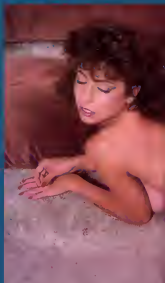
I reached quickly around her torso from both sides, making contact with her huge jugs. I cuddled each one from underneath, lifting it to feel the amazing weight, as I hefted her thighs, the brood began to shift her body up and down, tilting her pussy with my cock!

"I know a lot of ways to fuck," she said, rising and falling happily on my lap. "I'll teach 'em to you." I was glad to be her stu-



dent, and in the moments that followed she showed me just a few of the ways a guy can fuck a chick. My favorite was lying on our sides on the sofa, cuddled together, her back to my

He tunnelled his dick between her thighs, nailing the bull's-eye of her twat

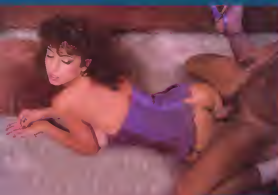




front. I had to funnel my dick between the fleshy pillars of her thighs to reach the bulls-eye, but after I'd managed to get my rod up her snatch, it was paradise! I fucked her gently, rocking against the curve of her splendid ass, to nudge my cock-head in and out of her pussy. She dug it too, because she was moaning softly throughout the whole time. It was mild fucking but it was sublime. Afterwards she wanted a hard pounding in the cunt, and I gave it to her. She practically hung off the couch for it, arcing her pussy hole straight up into the air so that as I perched on the edge of the cushions I was free to bore deeply into her open cunt!

It gave me a wonderful sense of power to stroke her like that, and I really loved it!

She was like an acrobat, positioning her body for the



greatest pleasure... and to give the most intense stimulation to me. I was looking right down the gaping gash of her pussy, drilling into it with my dick. I squatted there right on the edge of the sofa seat, sliding my rod in and out of the hot, wet cauldron between her thighs. Rich sensations flooded my body, nearly overwhelming



me. This was more than I ever believed fucking could be. It was sheer paradise!

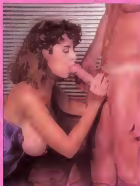
"OH, hon," she purred up at me. "You sure know how to fuck it. Would you like to eat it too?"

"Eat it?"

"You know," she managed to smile up at me through her grunting. "Cunnilingus. Eating my cunt."

All I could do was shrug as I ground to a halt with my strokes into her pussy. SHE WANTED ME TO BLOW HER! EAT HER PUSSY! I'd never done anything like that before. What the fuck did it taste like?

I pulled out slowly, her



pussy juice glistening on the hard stalk of my cock. She began to nse and I helped her up to the sofa. "Lie back," she murmured. "I lay my cunt right over your mouth."

I obeyed, dropping to my back, stretching my long legs along the couch. I couldnt believe what happened next. She climbed right on top of me, setting on knee into the sofa cushions beside my head and pushing the wet gash of her cunt to my lips. At first I shuddered, trying to turn my face away, after a whiff of her pussy fluid filtered upwards towards my nostril, I turned back





"I know a lot of ways to fuck."

"Eat me Eric," the brunette said urgently. "Eat my pussy real good for me."

I tasted some of the honey that flowed from her crack, the pungency not only filling my mouth and throat, but somehow sending reverberations throughout my entire body. I sucked in, drawing a bigger mouthful of cuntal secretions, and then I was licking away at the opened insides of the twat. My tongue swiped this way and that, feeling around in there, tasting savory, powerful female liquids.

"MMM, MMM, that's fine, Eric, that's fine," the woman purred over me. "Lick upward. Yes, in there like that. Find the clit. Fell for it. A little button of flesh. That really turns me on. Oh! You found it hon. O-H-H-H-H-H-H!!! A-H-H-H-H-H-H-H!!!"

I felt the tiny nipple of clit flesh at the top of her pussy, right where the inner lips came together. She jumped when I touched it — jumped for joy — so I went right on bathing it with my tongue-tip. I worked it around and around, diddling it like crazy. She was kneeling on the edge of the couch like a vulture on the limb of a tree, her thighs parted just enough

for me to get my face up there. I was able to reach her clit easily — loomed right above me. She was gasping for breath. Then screaming. "I'm getting off good," she

cried out. "OH, I'm getting off real good!" Keep it up. Keep up the pressure on my clit. OH! OH! E-E-E-E-EEEEEE!!!!

I licked away, until she shifted positions on the couch





**He banged her
snatch from behind**



Still on her knees, she wig-
gled her naked ass and
invited me to fuck her.
"I'm ready for it now," she
gasped. "I'm ready for a cock
up there for shure."

I practically jumped back
onto the sofa, kneeling in
behind her and grasping her
around the waist. Her silken
corset worked magic on my
fingers, as I poked around
between her thighs in
search of the entrance to
her pussy. Finding it, I slid
swiftly in. Then I was bang-
ing the girl from the rear,
holding her around her
cinched-in waist and fuck-
ing with increasing speed. She
began to growl, coming
once again, this time from
my cock.

I reached upwards, grop-
ing for her tits, finding them
and taking a good grip as I
fucked away. The feel of her
breasts - soft and full - the
tightness of her snatch -





hot and wet - sent heat-waves of pleasure through my body. The idea of those bulging breasts, along with the friction of my whang, did something to me, making me tingle all over. Somehow, it gave me a notion. I

COULD FUCK HER BETWEEN THOSE LUSCIOUS TITS!

I couldn't get a picture of it out of my mind.

"Can I screw you ... down the cleavage between your breasts?" I asked breathlessly. "Can I?" "Sure," she said. "I go for that. I like it when a guy does that."

I eased my dick out of her snatch, letting her turn over on the sofa. She lay back, propping her head on a cushion and fondling her big tits. I was already over her chest, on my knees, pushing the swollen tip of





my dick between her knockers. I eased in, and then she closed her boobs around my rod. The sensation was scintillating! I



**"Can I ... can I
FUCK YOU
BETWEEN THE
TITTIES?"**

rocked back and forth on my knees, jamming my rod into her cleavage, fucking briskly away. I pressed her whole

bosom between my thighs, making it burgeon around my thrusting rod. The feel of her titties was magnificent, on my legs and my dick, and I felt as if just a little more of that would bring me right off.

"Wait!" the brunette gasped. "Wait a minute



"You like 'em? You like my tits?"

**Slowly
rhythmically, he
fucked between
her breasts.**



Don't cream on my new corset!"

I eased off, then swung a leg over her body to let her up. She rose, unzipping her silk corselet as she went. She peeled off her stockings too, then posed for me ... enjoy the show, my dick quivered with anticipation, ready to plunge between her

knockers once again. She posed front and back straightening her shoulders to make her breasts pop up and outward, then grinding her ass to show that off too.

She rejoined me on the couch, lying back and letting me straddle her again. I sank my prick between her

breasts, drilling swiftly in and out, but I couldn't hold it for long. My first squirt of jism filled the tightened crevice between her bulging mammaries. Then I pulled out and creamed all over the snow-white skin on her tits.

I directed my cock-head from one nipple to the other, coating them with

"That's it! Come all over my boobs!"

jism, Then shifted up to her face on my knees, laying my dick to her mouth. The last of the ejaculations wet her luscious lips. Her tongue came out, licking up the stuff like a cat lapping cream from a saucer. Even that wasn't enough! She began licking the residue of semen right off the tip of my dick! Needless to say, I paid the chick's rent for her that month. I figure I'd gotten more than my money's worth. Next month she might be able to pay, and if not ... I could always take it out in trade. Tit-fucking can become addicting!





